

Providence, Sept. 22, 1870.

My dear Wendell:

Yours of yesterday is received. You do Dr. Dow injustice in supposing that he would, even "unconsciously," assume to himself the credit of any improvement that might seem to follow the use of Dr. Dunham's powders. He is without pretence, one of the most modest of men, and wholly devoid of all professional rivalry; and when I told him what effect followed my taking the first powder, he was quite delighted, and expressed the hope that the remainder would prove equally efficacious.

Two nights have since passed, and two further trials ^{been} made, but, strange to say, without any sedative effect, though I took four powders one night, and ~~three~~ another. There is no perceptible abatement in my burning and itching, and the

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fiery demon still cries, "Sleep no more!" To-night I shall again resort to the powders, though now doubting their potency. What I need is something to allay the burning and the itching, which night and the bed seem to aggravate; for in that case I think sleep would naturally follow.

I shall probably remain here till Saturday, but may conclude to return home to-morrow afternoon. Any letter, therefore, you may have occasion to send me hereafter, had better be addressed to Roxbury.

When I get home, we will have a family "council of war," and decide whether I shall go to Orange, or try something else. William says that Mr. Bailey, his partner, who was badly afflicted with boils and ulcers, thinks very highly of the cure at Clifton Springs, N.Y. The sulphur water helped him. It might or might not benefit me.

The continuity of this attack is as surprising to me as its violence. There is no "letting up," even for an hour. The conflagration is raging while I am writing this letter, and I have again and again to lay down my pen, and go to scratching with might and main, feeling as if I could tear myself all to pieces. I hope the "everlasting burnings," orthodoxly prepared for unrepentant sinners, are not worse than mine.

All goes on well at home, and your mother is quite reconciled to my going to Orange, and seeing what Dr. Durham can do for me.

How are mosquitoes at the Park? They are troublesome at Rockledge, and abroad here; but I am luckily protected by a mosquito netting.

With loving regards to you all, I remain,

Your tortured Father.

